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WITHE WREATHING, FAGGOT BINDING,
AND THE EIGHTEEN YARD STETCH.

HARVEST.

Golden sheaves of golden wheat in golden cornfields stand.
This is my initiation to working on the land.
Golden fields of waving crops and shocks in endless rows,
The binder circles round and round, the endless line still grows.
And so my day begins at dawn, the day is hard and long,
But I would be a Farmers Boy, just like the well known song.

We stack the fresh tied sheaves in shocks, the company is grand,
The farmers men, salt of the Earth, who plough and till the land.
In Summer sun we sit and eat our breakfast, lunch and tea,
Then back to work, to rows of sheaves, as far as the eye can see.
Late in the evening, still we toil, as night's dark shadows creep,
Then cycle home, tired but content, for our much needed sleep.

The shocks stand in the Summer sun, for days, until they're dry,
The precious grain still ripening, beneath the clear blue sky.
We harness up the horses then, huge wooden carts to pull,
And stack the sheaves both wide and high, until completely full.
The Suffolk Punches strain to move the wagons in the field,
Piled so high, their muscles flex, to ~~move nature's~~ golden yield.

Sometimes it's wet and so the wagon wheels will cut in ~~deep~~, *remove the*
Or else the crops are maybe grown on hillsides long and steep. *move the*
And then the mighty Suffolk Punch will need some help to move *very*
The heavy wagons up steep hills or ~~out of muddy groove~~. *from*
At such times a standby horse is hitched up to the fore,
It's a thrill to see two powerful animals move the wheels once more.

Harvest stretched to Autumn then, to October and early frost,
Working long and working hard to ensure no crops are lost.
In the stackyards, about the farm, on any spare piece of ground,
The lofty shapes of stacks appear, both rectangular and round.
The sheaves are packed in tight, and thatched, to keep them dry and warm,
To keep the barley, oats and wheat, safe from Winter storm.